

VAN WYCK PLUMS AS PARTY BOSS.

Distributed Only on "Organization Prescriptions."

EACH BOROUGH TO SHARE.

Tammany, Kings, Queens and Richmond Leaders Will Confer.

The Democratic borough organizations which were allied in the support of Judge Van Wyck for Mayor have decided to take part officially in the consideration of candidates for appointments.

The Executive Committee of Tammany Hall, the Kings County Democratic, the Queens County Democratic and the Richmond County Democratic will, at meetings to be held in December, make up their lists of recommendations, co-operating together on the matter of appointments as well as in the personnel of the candidates to be named in accordance with the views of Mayor-elect Van Wyck.

The movement originated with the district leaders of Tammany Hall, and is understood to have met with the ready approval of Mayor-elect Van Wyck on account of the opportunity it will give him to satisfy the demands of the organization of which he is a member, without the possibility of conflict with Tammany's allies in adjoining boroughs. A free and general consultation on appointments by all the Democratic leaders of Greater New York, through the Executive Committee, is believed to be good politics, because it will tend to suppress the personal element in contests between candidates for appointments and keep the party from the factional troubles which might otherwise follow the rush for office prior to the Mayor's inauguration.

Keynote Is "Party Responsibility"
Democratic leaders look upon the election as having brought by the overwhelming defeat of the theory of non-partisanship, the idea of party responsibility significantly to the front. The verdict of November 2 is interpreted as a demand from the people for a strong administration along the line of Democratic policy, for which the Democratic party is willing to be responsible in all details. This responsibility, it is held, should certainly cover appointments, since their character will be of great effect on the record of the administration. It is therefore believed that the Democracy as a party organization should indicate whom it is willing to stand for in the matter of appointments.

Chairman James J. Martin, of the Tammany Executive Committee, will probably call a meeting about December 1. The exact date has not yet been selected. At the several conferences of Tammany leaders, in which this course was determined upon, it was the general opinion that early action should be taken, so that possible controversies in the matter of appointments of the officers might be settled at subsequent meetings.

No Names Till January 1.

It was announced yesterday that Mayor-elect Van Wyck will not make public the appointments until January 1. Whatever conclusions have been reached are still tentative and likely to be changed when the opinions of the leaders are eventually obtained. Judge Van Wyck is understood by the Democratic leaders who have been closest to him since his election, to desire to use his appointing power as far as possible consistently to be used to foster the harmonious understanding that now exists between the various branches of the Greater New York Democracy, and is expected that he will definitely decide on the selection of any man until his claims to recognition and his ability to fill the office for which he is chosen have been passed upon by the Democratic leaders of his borough.

The plan for organized co-operation in the matter of appointments will transfer the aggressions of the candidates to new channels. From now on Democrats on the various seats will have to make their own committees, as well as in the usual manner on the Mayor through personal friends. The upshot will probably be that the Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond and Kings County Democratic organizations, and that the Tammany Executive Committee will shift from the applicants in his borough the men who will most strengthen the organization by capable service in office.

Leader John C. Sheehan, Richard Croker and Hugh J. Grant heard the claims of many candidates yesterday, but the make-up of the municipal slate did not advance. One of the most important of the questions now confronting the leaders is the make-up of the Police Board. Bernard J. York is in the lead for a place on this board, but it is not as yet decided whether he will get one of the places. The Executive Committee of the Kings County Democratic will probably demand it.

Misses Sheehan, Croker, Grant and York all denied yesterday that any division between Tammany Hall and the Kings County organization exists or is possible.

Rhuel J. Grant called on Mr. Croker at his Broadway office during the day. Mr. Croker announced that he would remain in the city this winter.

NO BANQUET FOR QUIGG.

Certain Leaders Declare, Moreover, They Will Fight Any Vote of Confidence.

A Delmonico banquet, which was to have been given last night to Chairman Quigg, of the Greater New York Republican City Committee, was called off by the party's organizers, among others National Committee-men Gibbs, Abraham Gruber and Charles A. Hess, explain that the failure to give it was due to the fact that the request. Opponents of Quigg's re-election say the dinner would have been given but for the fact that nearly half the members of the committee had been directed to abstain from the banquet. Mr. Quigg's friends hoped to pledge each member to support a vote of confidence at to-night's meeting of the County Committee.

Charles H. Murray, Jacob M. Patterson, Frederick W. Hildy, Charles K. Loxow and dozens of other district leaders, declared that not only would they not attend the dinner, but that they would see to it that a vote of confidence is beaten if offered at to-night's meeting. "We are, therefore, doubtful if a resolution having that object in view is presented."

The failure to tender to the chairman gratitude for running things as he will be in sharp contrast to the action of the committee under the leadership of Edward Lantieri.

Senator Platt yesterday confirmed the announcement that he favors the re-election of Mr. Quigg to the chairmanship of the County Committee. His efforts will be directed toward putting down the rebellion in the organization. District-Attorney O'Leary had a prolonged interview with the Senator yesterday, and his conclusion is reiterated his declaration that he will not be a candidate against Quigg. "No," he continued, "I stand against Quigg. I am for the President of the Republican Club. As I said at the conclusion of Monday night's meeting, I will gladly accept the first vice-presidency under Quigg."

Senator Platt has within the past two days summoned into his presence Messrs. Meyer, Patterson, Loxow, Hildy, Palmer and others engaged in the movement to down Quigg, and commanded them to quit.

RICH WOMEN SAY ARTHUR B. MOODY GOT THEIR BONDS, MONEY AND PAINTINGS.

Elfa C. Rowan, R. A., and Miss Rosamond H. Owen Tell to the Grand Jury the Story Which Secured His Indictment—Statement Issued by the New Haven Lawyer Says the Whole Transaction Was Legitimate.



MISS OWEN GAVE HIM A BOND



DINNER AT THE HOLLAND HOUSE



TELLING MISS ROWEN ABOUT A GOOD THING



ARTHUR BLAIR MOODY

MISS OWENS

MISS ROWEN

MOODY AND THE RICH YOUNG WOMEN WHO ACCUSE HIM.

A YOUNG society man of New Haven, of the name of Arthur Blair Moody, is in serious trouble on account of complaints filed against him by three women of this city, who accuse him of extorting money from them by a confidence game. They appeared before the Grand Jury on Monday and testified, with the result that an indictment was found against young Moody. He was arrested the same day at his home at New Haven by Detective Egan, of the Headquarters staff. His case was called yesterday in the City Court at New Haven, and continued until November 28. In the meantime he was allowed to go by way of bail of \$2,500 furnished jointly by his father and mother. His father is State Agent for Connecticut of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis.

According to the story told by the women who stand as accusers against young Moody, he induced them, through promises of gaining for them great profits through the medium of mining stocks, to invest their money in schemes which they believe at this time to be fraudulent. In addition to this, he is accused of accumulating and neglecting to pay a large bill at the Holland House, and of using the names of reputable business men in the furtherance of schemes to defraud. Peculiarly enough, none of the women who have appeared as complainants against him is willing to say that she has been robbed, and his attorneys are firm in the belief that requisition papers for his appearance before the courts of this city will not be honored.

Young Mr. Moody was born in New Haven, and his family is prominent there in social and business circles. He has a residence in Fairview Heights. His mother is a physician and a spiritualist, and at one time in August last, during his residence in this city, he was married to a young woman whose antecedents could not be traced yesterday, and this young woman is now at the home of his parents. A graduate of Cornell University and a young man of promise, young Mr. Moody stood well in New Haven. His father thought there was in him the material for a good life insurance agent, and put him in charge of the office of the company at Stamford. But young Mr. Moody preferred the society of the gay people of New York to that of the sober people of Stamford, and he went to this city something like a year ago. The judgment of the father that the son was possessed of the qualities that go to make up a good life insurance agent proved to be sound. The young man succeeded, before he was in New York a week, in establishing himself with some very good people.

He put up at the Holland House, and one of his first acquaintances was Dr. Dillon Nichol, who is a sort of charity promoter, in that his profession is to interest people with money in charitable enterprises of Young Mr. Moody soon won his way into the confidence of Dr. Dillon Nichol and through the reverend philanthropist he became acquainted with a number of good ladies whose inclinations toward charities are always gauged to go in the direction urged by their spiritual adviser.

Through the kind influence of Dr. Dillon Nichol young Mr. Moody made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mary Vandusen Vanderpool, who resides at One Hundred and twenty-ninth street and Seventh avenue. It so happens that Mrs. Vandusen Vanderpool has a large acquaintance among ladies who are possessed of money, and her acquaintance was accordingly cultivated by young Mr. Moody. She introduced him indiscreetly

to her friends, and among those she favored with the presence of young Mr. Moody was Miss Rosamond H. Owen, who lives at No. 41 East Fifth street, and has money to spare. It did not take long for young Mr. Moody to get into her confidence. He spent some money buying dinners for Mrs. Vanderpool and Miss Owen, and finally he persuaded Miss Owen to invest \$5,000 in a bunch of mining stocks. A short time later, in July, he persuaded her to give up St. Paul, Milwaukee & Manitoba Railroad bonds, valued at \$1,155, which would let her in on the ground floor of some mining stock speculation he was about to engage in. The amount he required was only \$1,000, and he promised to return to Miss Owen the balance, amounting to \$155, resulting from the sale of the bond, but up to this date Miss Owen claims she has seen nothing of the \$155, and worse, she has seen nothing of the amount previously advanced.

Through Miss Owen young Mr. Moody became acquainted with Miss Elfa C. Rowan, a very clever artist, who is renowned for her studies of plants and flowers. Miss Rowan was and is living at the Buckingham Hotel and young Mr. Moody met her there. Miss Rowan was much impressed with the cleverness of young Mr. Moody, who was able to bring to converse on any subject and was continued in his announcement that he was a graduate of Yale and had an income of \$8,000 a year. He said Miss Rowan was in addition to turning over to him her pictures Miss Rowan gave him \$500 for shares of mining stock and loaned him \$500 on his note.

While the collection of paintings was in progress, young Mr. Moody heard many stories about him, and sent him word that she would like to have her work returned. After considerable difficulty she succeeded in getting back a bundle of her paintings, but she found that thirty of them were missing. Moody said she succeeded in getting back the pictures, but Miss Rowan found, on investigation, that he had induced her power of attorney to him empowering him to sell her collection of paintings to Manager Bauman, of the Holland House, as security for a bond bill.

Young Rowan, who is a stranger in the country and not familiar with the winning ways of its residents, was advised by friends to bring suit against young Mr. Moody for her thirty pictures. These friends further advised her that young Moody was not much of a mark for profit in the city proceedings, and that her proper course was to consult with the police authorities. This advice she followed, and it was through her evidence and the evidence of Miss Owen that Moody was indicted by the Grand Jury. The indictment of young Mr. Moody and his subsequent arrest does not seem to disturb him to any considerable extent. The women, upon their sworn testimony, he victimized, now refuse to say word against him, and frankly avow that if they had known that the police would get into the newspapers they would not have made complaint. Their attitude in the matter is one of toleration entirely, and Miss Rowan, in particular, is outspoken in her assertions of belief in the innocence of the young man who "lost" thirty of her pictures.

That the property had been transferred to me, I had a fall six weeks ago and received a concussion at the base of the brain. Dr. Carmichael, of New Haven, attended me and advised me to give up all business until I recovered. I have not recovered sufficiently yet to resume business.

HER SHANTY HER CASTLE.

Mrs. Shannon Holds the Fort While the Earth About Her is Dug Away.

Probably the most picturesque shanty dweller on the East Side is eighty years old, Mrs. Shannon. She is the last survivor of the shanty dwellers in the vicinity of Sixty-eighth street, and her little box-like structure, hardly larger than a good-sized family coal bin, stands, or rather is imbedded, in a great mass of debris and dirt on the vacant unimproved lot of East Sixty-eighth street near Third avenue. But aged Mrs. Shannon will not be a shanty dweller very long. The lot, which is owned by the city, has been transferred to the Fire Department for training grounds, and already a score or more of workmen are busily engaged in digging away and removing the debris all about Mrs. Shannon, the instructions being not to touch her shanty until the very last moment. This is done in order to give Mrs. Shannon time in which to find other quarters.

"I don't know too much about homes to go into one now," said Mrs. Shannon, who is a stranger in the country and not familiar with the winning ways of its residents, was advised by friends to bring suit against young Mr. Moody for her thirty pictures. These friends further advised her that young Moody was not much of a mark for profit in the city proceedings, and that her proper course was to consult with the police authorities. This advice she followed, and it was through her evidence and the evidence of Miss Owen that Moody was indicted by the Grand Jury.

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BOY PLOTTED TO RUIN HIS RIVAL.

Thief in the Office of Cou-
dert Brothers Accused
Another.

GOOD BOY WAS ARRESTED.

Alexander Hamilton Had 'Licked'
Danny Scanlon, and This Was
the Latter's Revenge.

The story suggests that innocuous school or action that finds favor in every well-regulated Sunday-school library. It might be entitled, "Little Alexander's Trick; or, How Danny Scanlon's Evil Plot Failed."

CHAPTER I.

Alexander's Ambition.

"I wonder who can be the thief," said Mr. John P. Murray, the chief clerk of Couderd Brothers.

"I'm sure, I don't know, sir," replied little Alexander Hamilton, the office boy, "but I'll keep a sharp lookout, and do my best to catch him at his wicked work."

"That's right, Alexander," said Mr. Murray, approvingly. "You were always a good boy. And now, here are some letters for the mail. Be sure not to waste the stamps."

"If I could only find out who had been stealing the money from the gentlemen's overcoat pockets," mused Alexander, as he industriously licked the stamps, addressed them to the letters Mr. Murray had given him, and then entered the names and addresses in a book, perhaps Mr. Couderd would make me a junior clerk, and then I would be able to take my dear mother to the Horse Show. How proud she would be!"

And Alexander Hamilton sighed. He was the only son of his mother, who was a widow, his father being the chief engineer of an Atlas Line steamer. Alexander was the life and at the same time the joy of the small, but neat flat, at No. 422 Seventh street, Brooklyn, where his mother fretted away many an anxious week while "popper" was on the bosom of the deep.

CHAPTER II.

Danny's Defeat.

"Where are you going, Petey?" was the rude manner in which Daniel B. Scanlon, another office boy, addressed Alexander as they descended in the elevator that evening.

"To my home in Brooklyn," responded Alexander Hamilton, with that gentle courtesy that he had learned at his mother's knee.

"I know where there's a dandy game of craps," said Daniel, jingling some money in his trousers pockets. "I'll let you in, if you like."

"Craps" is the name of a gambling game played by wicked boys and men. "No, I thank you," responded Alexander quietly. "My mother likes me to return home early; and, besides, I would not gamble, because it is wrong."

"You wouldn't, boy?" sneered Daniel as they stepped out of the elevator and walked side by side into the street. "Well, you needn't think you're so many, at that! It's soft mugs that live in Brooklyn, anyway!"

Now, Alexander was a little patriot, and he could not bear to hear anything rude said about Brooklyn. So he fell upon Daniel, who happened to be a much smaller boy, and chastised him grievously.

"I'll fix you for this, and don't you for-



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got it!" blazed Daniel Scanlon, as he eluded himself up from the gutter and with the red blood off his face. But Alexander walked calmly to the bridge, humming a merry hymn.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Murray's Misbehave.

"Some dishonest person has pinched my overcoat!" cried Mr. Paul Fuller, of the firm of Couderd Brothers, the next evening. "It's really going too far!" said Mr. Murray, approvingly. "Those reprehensible practices have been going on for a year now. I will make some money and leave it in my overcoat pocket to-morrow, and then we shall be sure to catch the culprit."

And so a clever trap was laid and whom do you think, dear young reader, was caught in it? Why, none other than Daniel Scanlon, the rude office boy. The evidence against him was so clear that he was obliged to confess his guilt to Mr. Murray, but he had not forgotten his promise to be revenged for the beating given him by the good Alexander, so he cried:

"I met Alexander Hamilton. It was he who showed me how to take the money from the pockets of the gentlemen's overcoats and it was he who placed Mr. Fuller's overcoat. He taught me to rob the firm, too."

Mr. Murray was very grieved, because he had always considered Alexander such a good boy, but he believed Daniel's false story and so, as a policeman. That was how Alexander came to be arrested last Friday.

CHAPTER IV.

A Character Cleared.

All day Saturday Daniel Scanlon stood in his wicked story, but on Monday he did not go to the office as usual. That made Mr. Murray suspicious, so he paid a visit to the boarding house where Daniel lived. There he learned to his grief that Daniel was not considered a truthful boy.

So Mr. Murray took Daniel to the Rev. Father Browner, of the Immigrant Chapel in State street, and between them they persuaded him to confess his guilt and clear Alexander's character. So Mr. Murray hurried to the Central Street office Court, where Alexander was to be arraigned, and told the Magistrate it was all right. Alexander was very glad to be released.

There was an affecting scene yesterday in the office of Couderd Brothers. Daniel Scanlon's mother had hurried from Buffalo, where she is a hospital nurse, and Alexander Hamilton's mother had come from Brooklyn. When Daniel Scanlon saw her he fell on his knees and cried:

"Forgive me, Mother! I told a lie about Alex! He didn't have a thing to do with pinching the money and the overcoat."

"Forgive him, mother," pleaded Alexander, and she did.

Daniel went away, weeping, with his mother, who said she was going to put him in a Catholic institution until he should be twenty-one and know better.

"I will soon be a junior clerk now, mother," whispered Alexander, as he sat down at his old desk and began to lick stamps more industriously than ever.

No march promised this year has created so much comment as Faneuil's march for the Journal, which will appear in next Sunday's paper. It is printed in full folio size form, and will be played by every band in the country a week after it is issued. Journal readers will of course have the first opportunity to try it on their plane if they order the paper in time.

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